

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

I Don't Want To Remember

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Gen, but i'm guessing if y'all have seen IT you don't really care, the violence isn't that graphic and it's only in one chapter so far

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stan Uris

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Summary:

The Losers may have defeated Pennywise and moved on, but the horrible things they faced still haunt them.

1. SCARS

Author's Note:

hi!! this started off as just something for stan, but i decided to make it a seven-chapter series of short pieces about the losers. enjoy!!

PART ONE: SCARS

(you left me)

Stan gripped the edges of the bathroom sink, cool porcelain. He let his eyes drop to the toothbrush holder and grabbed his toothbrush, uncapping the toothpaste and squirting out a small amount before putting it back with slightly shaky hands. He shielded his eyes, from above this time, and started brushing.

(you fucking left me how could you)

Stanley tried to stare down into the sink, keep his eyes away from the mirror. Toothpaste foamed at his mouth and dripped against the smooth walls. He brushed slower and slower, the wrenching pit in his stomach seeming to widen.

Oh Jesus, he wished he could just rip the mirror out of the wall. Twist it free from its bolts with a snap and scream and smash it on the ground and grind every shard to dust under his heel. He didn't care if it cut

(you aren't my friends YOU AREN'T MY FRIENDS YOU AREN'T MY FRIENDS!!)

him, he hated that fucking mirror.

"Shit," he said around his mouthful of toothpaste, voice cracking, and finally looked up. He whimpered, his adam's apple bobbed, his body tensed. There they were. No matter how much he'd hoped, how much time he let pass, those scars wouldn't fade. The big, gaping teeth marks on the side of his face, now pinched and pink, making his cheek uneven. He felt a lump rise in his throat.

(we are your friends)

Stan spat into the sink, grimacing, a choked and tearless sob forcing its way out of his throat. He couldn't bear it, he couldn't bear thinking about that thing again. He'd destroyed the painting months ago, but he was convinced she escaped and followed him wherever he went. Waiting, watching, hungry.

He slammed the toothbrush back into its holder and spun around while taking a hoarse breath. "Come out!" he screamed. "Come out already!! Finish me off! COME ON!" Stan's voice reverberated around the still bathroom, but that was the only response.

He was alone.

No woman,

(NO YOU'RE NOT!!)

no painting,

(we'd never do anything to hurt you)

no clown.

(i'm sorry i'm so sorry stan)

And no scars. Not until he looked in the mirror again.

(we love you)

2. DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

Notes for the Chapter:

here's beverly's piece about her own traumas. enjoy!!

Beverly's hair was starting to grow back. It now curled and flipped out below her jaw, her bangs constantly having to be swept from her eyes. It was difficult to look at. Not only was she, over and over, reminded of her father,

(you're still my little girl aren't you bevvie)

but also of what happened because of her cutting her own hair. How, even when it wasn't a part of her, it reached out and took her prisoner again.

(help us beverly)

"I'm going out, auntie," Beverly called, fingering the key around her neck from habit, still that creeping fear Greta Bowie would grab her by the ponytail and say where you off to, Beeverly? Gonna go see Bowers again you fuckin dime store hoe-bag?

"Okay, sweetie. Call to check in if you're not home by two, okay? Oh, and that boy

(have you been doing womanly things with those boys beverly)

sent another letter. I put it in your drawer for you." Her aunt came out of the kitchen and wiped her hands on her apron, offering a small smile. It was a little pitiful. She couldn't help it, thinking she knew what her poor niece had been through but not really knowing.

Beverly returned the smile and nodded, opening the door. "Thanks," she replied. "I'll be home soon."

She sat with her legs crossed in the barber's chair, watching her hair slip down the cover and onto the floor instead of down the sink walls and into the drain.

(why'd you do this to your hair?)

Her lips pressed together tightly while the scissors worked and chopped away all that progress, her femininity,

(it makes you look like a boy)

where her beauty had been placed by her father for so long. It was the same liberating feeling as the first time, but without the fear. No fear of what her father would say. No fear of anything. *Look what you did*, she thought.

Look what you did.